

# *I know that my Redeemer lives*

This Easter, many of us will be able to gather in person for glorious celebrations of our Lord's resurrection. But the first Easter was in a cemetery, surrounded by tombstones. The women and then the men disciples came to see what had happened to their Lord. They expected to find a dead body, but instead they found God's defiant answer to death.

As St. Paul writes in Corinthians, "Death has been swallowed up in victory. Oh, death, where is your victory? Oh, death, where is your sting?"

I know now that we're entering the third year of this pandemic, and we see the signs of stress and incivility, even the signs of war and disease in Ethiopia and Sudan, in Europe. It might seem like death still has sway, but we can declare confidently on this Easter and all times what Job said, "I know that my Redeemer lives, and at the last he will stand upon the earth and after my skin has been thus destroyed, then in my flesh, I shall see God."

Centuries ago, the Russian Orthodox developed this beautiful poem, the Kontakion of the Departed. It's often used at gravesites. "Give rest, O Christ, to your servants with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting. You only are immortal, the creator and maker of humankind, and we are mortal, formed of the earth and to the earth shall we return. For so you did ordain when you created a thing. You are dust and to dust you shall return. All of us go down to the dust. Yet even at the grave we make our song. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia."

*Blessed Easter, dear church.*

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God's work. Our hands.